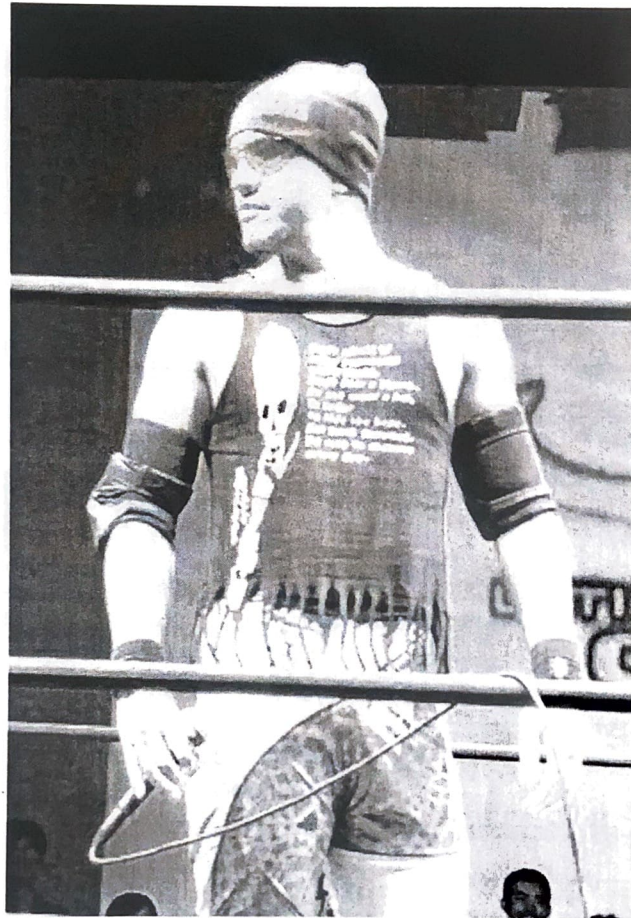


O!M!E!N!



'Who has called me OMEN?!'

**Volume 22
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**February 9,
2004**



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omen

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layout & editing

Rebecca Costello	Babylon 5
Jesse Frola	Monty Python Club
Abby Ohlheiser	Prayer Club
Jeffrey Paternostro	Sexual Release Facilitator
Justin Philpot	Warhammer 40K
Shalin Scupham	Girl's Bathroom Peephole

Cover by Jeffrey Paternostro
Back Cover by Rebecca Costello &
Jesse Frola

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HARK

- Views in the Omen (5)
Do not necessarily (7)
Reflect the staff's views (5)



to submit

Submissions are due **Saturdays before 5 p.m.** You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Jeffrey Paternostro, Prescott 98A, x5141. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to jlp00@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy
box at the bottom of the next
page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple
website at omen.hampshire.edu

If hippies are crying then
the OMEN is doing its job.

Quote attributed to Jeffrey Paternostro

THE OMEN = PISS CHRIST

Editorial

Welcome, returning students, Febs, first-time readers, and people who just got this issue stuffed into their hands by a friend, saying "Read this, I'm soooooo offended." Unfortunately it is time for the OMEN editorial's semi regular feature. "Why the OMEN is cool, and why you should work for it." Frankly, I don't much care for the pandering to the masses, (frankly, I really, really don't care what you think about this publication and what we publish, Hampshire funds plenty of student groups I don't care for, that is the nature of the beast. If you are not going to submit, read, or argue your reasons for not doing so with any level of competence, you're not on my radar) but apparently my fellow signers are suggesting we need a membership drive. I don't understand why you wouldn't want to work for the OMEN. You get free pizza, free community service, and you get to hang out with the last bastion of rational thought on Hampshire campus, the OMEN staff. Seriously. Don't Hampshire students hate the establishment? The OMEN puts all of you to shame in our anti-establishment...ism. What other group could have survived multiple inquires into the value of its funding, having editors taken to Community Review Board three times, faced funding suspension three times, at last count, and had every single editor-in-chief (to my knowledge) has been threatened and incorrectly branded a racist, sexist, conservative whoremonger, as internalizing their oppression, etc. I eagerly await the anonymous threatening

e-mails, and inquiries into my big white cock's role as oppressor, all for publishing a bunch of stuff that students write.

It's another example of the Hampshire communities latent hypocrisy. Last semester, when we were put through all the rigors that the Hampshire beauracracy could muster, one thing became abundantly clear. A vocal minority of students don't want the OMEN funded with 'their money.' So I'm going to compare the OMEN to another institution that undoubtedly much of the Hampshire campus, including this vocal minority, (I do not intend to speak for them, but after four years, I think I understand the tenor of Hampshire politics) would no doubt support, the National Endowment of the Arts.

Every year, without fail, there is a big hulabaloo about whether or not we should support the arts with tax dollars, and if so, how much or what should get funded. The conservative base often argues that it is wasteful to spend money on avant-garde work, or work that is 'offensive.' One of the biggest controversies was over Andres Serrano's "Piss Christ" which featured the image of the cross...in urine. Now as a good socially progressive boy, I support the NEA in all its forms, even the less than stellar Bush administration's "Make everyone watch Shakespeare" form (not that you shouldn't watch Shakespeare every chance you get). And as a Christian, (yeah, it doesn't come up, cause it's none of your business), I was offended by the work, though not as much as most people, however, as an occasionally artistic person, I was really offended by the works artistic laziness and cheap shock

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policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Kiva at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.





Jag är så
himla cool

Sometimes I wonder whether the advent of blogging will have, in fact is having, an impact on the tradition of Omen columns. After all, in the old days (early 90's to late 90's), the only way that you could musically broadcast your reflections on your struggling Div III, romantic woes, grousing about Hampshire, or recently discovered greatest album ever was print it out on paper and distribute it to all you knew. And what better way to do that than to submit it to Hampshire's beloved open-submission publication, have about 200 copies printed, dump them in the post office and Saga and hope that the object of your affection picks them up and recognizes a suspiciously familiar physical description. Sure, it was only available once every two weeks, but that meant you just had to let the cream float to the top and write about only the most poignantly narcissistic events of the past fortnight.

But now, with the advent of such sites as Blogger, Xanga, and my own Livejournal, you can instantly broadcast the minutiae of your life to all your friends, as well as the world in general, 24/7.

What does this say about the institution of the Omen column? Forgive me for being sentimental, but I think it still has a place in this crazy technological world. After all, no one can read your blog in Saga over California Burrito Surprise (yes, they do

have wireless access there, but you don't want to get California Burrito Surprise on your new iBook). No one can pick up your blog in the post office and read it on the bus on the way to UMass. And there's nothing like reading this stuff on crisp white paper in smooth black ink. So go ahead, submit.

This week I will touch briefly upon an event that has been a feature of my own personal blog: my participation on CCFRAP.

CC what? you say. Yeah, everyone says that. CCFRAP stands for the College Committee For Reappointment and Promotion. What? you still say.

All right, I'll explain. When professors have been working at Hampshire for seven years, they come up for reappointment to ten-year contracts (the Hampshire equivalent of tenure). At this time, they are also promoted to associate professor (from assistant). CCFRAP decides on this reappointment and promotion.

When professors are not yet coming up for their ten-year contract reappointment, they may still apply for early promotion to associate professor. CCFRAP decides on this promotion.

About eight years in a ten year contract, professors generally come up for promotion to full professors, although they can apply earlier. CCFRAP decides on this promotion.

I didn't know any of this either, until I was asked to

(well, kind of dragooned into) serving on CCFRAP. It turned out that CCFRAP has one faculty member from each school, plus two student school members.

CCFRAP reviews a candidate's file (letters sent by students and alums and by colleagues, course evaluations, a statement from the candidate, their publications, and other supporting documentation) to determine whether they meet the standards for reappointment and/or promotion in teaching, scholarship, and community service (this last is usually defined as serving on various faculty or other college committees, although it also includes service to the outside community). They discuss and then vote on whether to grant the reappointment and/or promotion.

A couple things impressed me about the whole process:

Apparently, it is not usual for students, two students at that, to have a full vote on the contract decisions of a college. In fact, it's downright unheard of. So it was not a bad feeling to be the student exercising that right.

Those letters you get occasionally, asking you to write a letter for a candidate's file? They get taken really very seriously, and there aren't enough of them. Yeah, I've never written a letter in response to one of those requests.

The whole process gets taken really seriously. I always

by Rebecca Costello

Yo! CCFRAPs!

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EDITORIAL

value for the sake of shock value. However, just because this a work offends me, doesn't mean I'm going to throw the baby out with the bathwater. I still support the NEA, even if I prefer the money not go to people who would figuratively take a piss on my religious beliefs and artistic convictions. I may not like his art, but I am, get this, tolerant of it.

So bringing this back to the OMEN: to the people that call for our funding to be revoked, because we print 'offensive' content, on occasion, consider this. We print on average, 28 pages, six times a semester, give or take. That's 168 pages of material a semester for 21 semesters. In that time, a handful, let's say, seven or eight, articles have come under close scrutiny by various people as offensive, and 'indicative' of the publication's overall offensiveness. Now, you would not judge the value of the NEA by such a small sample size, so it is not fair to judge the OMEN in those terms. Sure, we print our share of crap- that's what comes

with being an open submission forum. People are gonna submit crap, and we're not going to edit it, so it will remain crap. People are going to submit offensive stuff, because (A) Hampshire students are like three year olds, they like testing what they can get away with, or (B) they like being contrarian for the sake of it and take it to the extremes because of (A), which leads to (C) a good little liberal, or social crusader deciding that because of the viewpoint, they are offended, not actually recognizing that people actually hold those beliefs and can argue them rationally, even if no one here usually does.

But outside of that, we print a lot of interesting, thought provoking work about Hampshire and the world at large. And even more importantly, we provide a forum to any Hampshire student for their own personal soapbox- any, period. No, seriously. If you don't want to submit to us because it's validating the crap we publish, that's your problem. If you change your mind, we'll accept whatever you have to

contribute. But you don't get the keys to the forum any more than any other student here, sorry. Even I have to put up with the crap we publish, and in some cases, lay it out. I could change it if I really wanted too, but that's not what the OMEN is about. It's about complete freedom of expression, not a few people deciding what the community should be allowed to see, for its own safety.

Just because you are personally offended, does not mean we are bad people, or shouldn't be funded with your money (or that I care, if you don't bother to ever bring it up to either the author or me). If some Baptist said that about the NEA, you would probably say the same thing. Hmm, this didn't really turn out as I expected it to. I'm not really surprised. You should still join the OMEN.

Until next time, I'll be working on putting together a belle and Sebastian cover band called "The Stars of Track and Field."



Yo! CCFRAPs!

continued from previous page

kind of thought that if someone wasn't flamboyantly awful, they would get reappointed. While this may be true once they've gotten their ten-year contract (again, Hampshire equivalent of tenure), before that they are heavily scrutinized. And teaching is taken most seriously of all; excellent teaching is the foundation requirement for both

reappointment and promotion.

Finally, you get a really nice dinner when you're done. If you're not vegetarian, and your parents are coming to visit, try Sienna up in South Deerfield. Save room for dessert.

Apart from throwing a hell of a wrench in my Div III, CCFRAP was actually a pretty good experience. All the faculty on it were

great, as was the other student, I got some free food, and now I can say I've done it. And now, when I tell you what I did over Janterm, you'll know.

P.S. Go see "City That Cried Wolf" down at EDH. It should be awesome.



SPACE FILLER

by Abby Ohlweiler

For three years, I served as a section editor/queen of space-filling on my high school newspaper. Perhaps the little naive that wasn't shattered my first semester at this lovely institution led me to believe that any article written for (if not published by) a college newspaper would be written days in advance, with ample time to cut out all those things that sounded funny at the time but actually don't make any sense. I must credit the Omen for thoroughly fucking up that little pipe dream of mine. So let this servas a disclaimer for what follows, if I don't gain some of my intelligence back in the next few hours and cut out this unnecessary paragraph.

As I see it right now, This article can turn into an angsty rant, a brilliantly funny rant, or an incoherent rant. I hope to avoid the first, and am generally incapable of the second, so I suppose the last is really my only option. I'm a bit low on caffeine right now; my physiological addiction to the life-elixir that most people call coffee is compelling me to write on that very subject.

At home, I usually have a cup of tea to wake up and a latte (small, whole milk, double shot of espresso) around 7 PM. At school, I drink at least three cups of SAGA sludge in addition to two cups of tea every day. I put more acid daily into my system than all of those kids lying in the Prescott stairwells do. I wonder how many ulcers in

the making are eagerly awaiting the inevitable end-of-semester stress to start wreaking havoc. Is that a complete sentence? No matter, time to move deeper into this abysmal attempt at coherence.

Hampshire coffee is underrated. Don't get me wrong; it's absolutely terrible, but the rumors surrounding the substance are grossly exaggerated. SAGA coffee is almost palatable, if you give in and drink it black. Drowning it in milk and sugar is like trying to cover up the smell of dog shit with bad perfume. Get yourself a cup of black, original blend coffee, drink it as quickly as you can, and like it, dammit. "But wait," you say, "Complaining about SAGA coffee is my favorite hobby! Don't take this outlet for my anger away from me!" Understand that I'm a self-described coffee snob. I love sharing my disdain loudly in the dining hall back room, but I also realize that I need to learn to live with SAGA coffee. What better way to start than by convincing myself that it's "really not that bad?" Besides, if it's in print, then it must be true, right? Humor me, please.

I think I managed to save this article from becoming an angry coffee addict rant by turning it into a self-reflexive rant. I hate reading those. There's nothing worse than reading somebody's uninspired thought process on a well-covered topic. Hey, at least I didn't talk about politics.

Swiftly moving back to my innocuous coffee rant, I'd

give anything for a cup of that stuff right now. Perhaps that's why coffee is generally poor in institutions such as this one; the powers that be know that addicts will drink the stuff even if it's flavored like egg nog and burned beyond recognition. Just as long as it's not decaffeinated, I'll put it in my system.

The funny thing about all this is that I have a rather substantial stock of coffee grounds in my room, as well as a coffee machine. I drink SAGA coffee because it is already prepared. I simply dislike cleaning my coffee filter. My poor justification for this daily self-imposed torture is that I'd never bother to leave my room (except for classes, of course) if I didn't have to get dressed and head to SAGA.

It seems that I am approaching a respectable word count, so it is time to bring this gem to a close. What better way to finish than with a retrospective? While writing this article, I learned that I should never, ever show up to an Omen layout meeting without at least an idea for an article in my conscious mind. Looking back on this article, I can't help but wonder if my writing will improve enough to let me pass this semester's writing class. I also wonder how long it will take before I realize that the better part of this semester's course work will be written in the same timely fashion as this article.



Redsneakers
Journalism

by Jesse Frola

This article is strictly objective. If you own a blue jeep and routinely park across four spaces in the Merrill/Dakin parking lot, you're a god-damn moron. Furthermore, if you leave it there for the entire duration of Jan Term, knowingly and willingly inconveniencing and pissing off part of the populous of Hampshire, it is my official opinion that you no longer deserve food. No food for you, ever. Get away from SAGA.

The following is a simple, step-by-step style set of instructions on how to properly leave your vehicle unattended. Firstly, you should drive into the parking lot. I'm relatively positive our stoner friend with the jeep managed to get this far. Next, you should examine the macadam for painted white lines. These indicate the suggested slots for maximum efficiency in using a communal parking lot. You do NOT get bonus points for parking over several, so knock it off. Next, you exit your vehicle. Be careful not to spill your beer, jeep guy. I'd hate for your wonderful bout of drunken driving to be ruined by your unwashed flannel shirt smelling of Pabst Blue Ribbon. Finally, stumble your way out of the parking lot. Perhaps, if you were a savvy individual, you might come back to your vehicle at some point, perhaps noticing the numerous graffiti-like warnings/requests for you to MOVE YOUR DAMN CAR scrawled into the snow covering your hood.

This article is STRICTLY

objective. Jeep Guy, you must have been fucked in the brain when you were a baby. Any remaining brain cells you still have are evidently confused and in hiding. There is no possible explanation for your travesty regarding driver etiquette. I'm sure this etiquette thing is news to you, but since I'm a philanthropist in regards to helping stupid fucking morons, I will explain this concept, as well.

To be a defensive and intelligent driver, you must accept the following ideal as absolute truth. Anyone driving a car is automatically an asshole. First, forget your old style of driving. You must remove your ass from the steering wheel. Using your hands to drive makes you slightly less of a dickhead than you are when you are driving solely with your ass. Next, realize that the clime of your mental driving environment is different depending on which state you are currently located in. For example, flipping someone off in Texas will get you run off the road, and shot. Several times, in all likelihood. In Jersey, however, NOT flipping someone off is liable to get you run off the road, and shot. It is a fine line, the line that we as drivers must walk.

I assume that you actually have a license, Jeep Guy, and that you haven't just been driving around, ass first, on a fake ID. In the case of this long-shot, however, I will endeavor to show you the fundamentals of driving a car. On the concept of traffic lights: green means

LEARN TO PARK

go, you fucking vegetable. On proper following distance: stop tailgating me, or I will throw a glass bottle into your windshield at 55 mph. On the clutch: I'm not even going into it. If you can't figure it out yourself, you deserve to have your car burst into flames as you desperately try to get to a gas station on route 9. Not that it wouldn't be a fitting end, Jeep Guy. Just think; the very vehicle that took up valuable space in a Hampshire College parking lot, combined with your complete and utter lack of aptitude in all things vehicular, might someday lead to your not-so-untimely demise. Being charred well beyond the health code requirements for a standard BK Broiler isn't such a bad way to go, is it?

This article is strictly objective. Jeep Guy, you are a waste of air. Now, I don't know you. I don't know what happened in your early driving training that might lead you to believe that parking across several parking spots might be a good or funny idea. I consider it my duty to inform you that you are a complete and utter dumbass. I can forgive parking too close to someone, or perhaps get only slightly pissed if you take two entire slots. Taking up four goddamn slots in the beginning of January, and continuing into the following term, is unforgoddmngiveable. You suck at life.



I AM AWESOME

My awesomeness knows remarkably few limits. I am a God amongst ants, ants with only one leg or severe cognitive defects. If I were an ice cream flavor, I'd be rocky road and sex. Your mom is in agreement with me on this one.

I could sleep with a different girl every night, except I choose to live a life of chastity, giving haircuts to homeless wretches and foot massages to widowers. I can shower, shave, and brush my teeth in thirty seconds, COMBINED. You hear that, fucker? COMBINED. I hear you shower for twenty, thirty minutes - just like that intern who goes in there with her boyfriend - but you're all alone. I sleep only an hour a day, standing up, and go skydiving while you snore. I have never gotten a cold. Lightning bolts shoot out of my nostrils when I sneeze; I have been known to incinerate livestock with my snot-rockets. If you stare at me too long, you will burst in to flames, and you will like it. I am the one responsible for turkey night at SAGA, as well as the waffle machine. Every time I buy a new car, angels frolic in heaven and ring bells in my name. "BLING BLING," they shout from their heavenly perch, "BLING BLING." I smoke, but there's no way I'm getting cancer like the rest of you losers. When I'm not lounging in one of my penthouse suites, I'm bathing in the blood of goats. I have keys to both Merrill and Dakin.

I party with the best of them. Lil' John, John Madden, Sitting Bull, Bill Clinton, Missy Elliot, Stevie Wonder, Stevie Nicks,

Steve Martin, DJ Bong, Elton John, Amy Goodman, Howard Dean, Ludacris, Stephen Hawking, Ringo Starr, Richard Avedon, Pee-Wee Herman, O.J. Simpson, Michael Jackson, Madonna, and the late Edward Said have all called me "homeslice." Or "daddy," when asked.

Just like your mother.

If the sheer magnitude of my splendour is not obvious already, just look at me. I am seven feet tall with biceps like little Viennese sausages, but really sexy. I got the rhymes like the colonel's got the chickens. 4.0? 1600! I was the star quarterback in that school in Texas where the football team is really good and they shot that movie. Yeah, that shit was about me. ME.

I have published seventeen novels, though the sixth received a lukewarm reception; my lecture schedule is full for the next six years, and I charge more to speak than Oprah Winfrey. My conceptual artworks are well received in New York, Tokyo, Paris, Sengal, Tuscon, Huntsville, and Moscow. My children's books captivate preteens by the millions. I know you own a pair of Air Scuphams. Small children adore me, and animals trust me.

Perhaps you've visited my amusement park or my fast food franchise? Or perhaps you've wandered my estate? It's called "North Dakota." The state. Ted Turner ain't got shit on me, homes. TBS may have the Bond movies (for now), but I've got Pete and Pete.

And I've met Danny Timberelli. He was nice.



by Shalin Scupham

OH WHAT YOU PUT ME THROUGH! OR MAKING THE PAGE COUNT DIVISIBLE BY 4

by Jeffrey Paternostro, Still Editor-in-Chief

When I took over as Editor-in-Chief in November, I joked to various people that I would bring the publication back to the glory days of Jon Land. I was, of course, referring to my own misanthropy towards most of the campus, and general disdain for my "enemies." I did not mean that I would be at the helm of eight page issues. Sadly, an eight page issue would have been a boon, instead, it's a nine page issue. That doesn't work for duplication ease, so I am left to fill three pages, or approximately 2250 words on my own. Here we go.

First, a little wrestling review-
ing

Random Stuff From my All Japan 1993 tape

Triple Crown Championship Match- Mitsuharu Misawa v. Toshiaki Kawada

Another in the seemingly endless line of really great Misawa/Kawada matches. General rule of thumb One Ring (Misawa + Kawada) = Superb. This is no exception. I could wax on and on about the brilliance of this match, (and consider that it is probably their 3rd or 4th best SINGLES match, and that this pairing and their various tag partners have created no less than three matches that various people call the best match they ever saw), so I will instead focus on the little things.

1. Kawada takes the released German suplex better than anyone ever. It's been said. It deserves reiteration. And he eats a bunch of them to set up the tiger suplex that wins this for Misawa.

2. An interesting dynamic to the match. Kawada is known for his legendary stoicism in the ring. He can be a real dick sometimes, but it always seems to be in the context of "this is what I have to do to win." You never get the sense that he is personal, just that he knows what he needs to do to beat Misawa, and on most days, that is going to take more than just the weapons he has in his arsenal. He has to make Misawa slip-up, or make a mistake in judgment and then pounce. Even when that happens though. Misawa, the consummate champion, has something more left in the tank.

3. Kawada's theme music is boss.

4. He also has the coolest name ever for his tag team with Akira Taue, The Holy Demon Army. How cool is that?

Random Toryumon Matches that I feel like Reviewing

SUWA v. Torou Owashi- Sometime in October, 2002

This is the rematch to a match I reviewed in my Last Minute Wrestling Review #2 from a couple years back, ironically, also a space filling article. This is actually better. SUWA knows that Owashi is just a lump who is

not going to be able to credibly sell or bump for his cruiser killer offense. So he structures this around Owashi waffling him, and him bumping and selling like he would for any of his other promotion mates high end spots. When that fails, SUWA just sort of wrestles around Owashi. When that fails, SUWA whips out the blade and bleeds a lot. Ah, SUWA, how I love thee. The blade job looks particularly gory considering SUWA's almost shaved head, and makes his comeback even more heated. The finish is all kinds of weird, as I guess SUWA was watching PRIDE tapes, or wanted to do a homage to Masaaki's (the guest ref) stint in Battlearts, as he finishes with a knee to the shoulder (after being unable to get baked ham with eyes up for the FFF) and then applies what could generously be described as a Kimura lock for the tap out. Maybe judo isn't for SUWA (a pun no one will get). Oh well, at least he didn't job to the fat boy.

Yasushi Kanda Retirement Match- Same date as above, I think

Yasushi Kanda v. Stalker Ichikawa

Things on TV that have made me cry:

1. Rudy getting the sack
2. Roy Hobbs final home run
3. Kevin Costner playing

catch with his Dad

4. The death of Spike Spiegel

5. Various parts of the last few episodes of Babylon 5

6. Yasushi Kanda's last usurpation elbow that ends this match

The post match is great. Genki cries like a little girl, and I say goodbye to a friend. The ten bell salute kills me too. And the ridiculous pile of streamers when Kanda's name is announced for the last time. Yeah, that's real hokey. I've spent more time with these guys over the past few years than you, jerkwad.

750 words down. 1500 to go.

Okay, now some political commentary

There was a bit of a row when I was watching the Super Bowl. Right around 8:10, while Carolina was setting up to get the ball back, there was supposed to be a one minute boycott, to watch the MoveOn.org ad on CNN, since the Super Bowl doesn't take advocacy ads, or some such. Now, I know it is Hampshire, but as Justin Philpot said so succinctly "some of us aren't watching this ironically."

But that's not the point. I did like the ad for what it's worth. However, here's a dirty little secret...

I hate MoveOn.org.

Not because I don't agree with a lot of what they say. I do. I also agree with a lot of what Michael Moore says. That said, I don't want Michael Moore or

MoveOn.org anywhere near the presidential election.

Why?

There gonna fuck it up. Here's the thing, everyone in the room liked the ad. So what? You think any of us were voting for Bush in the first place. Not likely. The attitude of their site is great for preaching to the converted, but too indignant to effectively bring a lot of moderate independents and undecideds into the fold. If this election is going to be one by a democratic candidate (and frankly it's unlikely) it's going to be by wooing disaffected voters from the middle. Those that maybe voted for Bush the first time, maybe not. Those that aren't thrilled with the way the economy is. Those that maybe don't think the War in Iraq was a great idea, but don't like the left acting like they are pro-dictator. People like my uncle, for example.

This election can't be a referendum on the War in Iraq. Bush will probably win. It's still, the economy, stupid. If the Dems could nominate a man (or woman) who looked tough on defense and national security, but also looks like he has a clue about fiscal policy (there goes Clark) they would have a fighting chance. Tough on National Security is the key, none of that trading liberty for security crap. That went out with the advent of IRAs and suburbs. People want to feel safe. People think Bush will make them safer. People are idiots.

I just don't see that candidate right now.

And MoveOn.org posting an ad comparing Bush to Hitler isn't

going to help anything. Whether or not you agree with it, you are tacitly endorsing it. And to the creators, sorry, there aren't eerie similarities, saying stupid shit like that has two effects.

(A) It makes you look like an idiot. First rule of civilized debate, never compare your opponent to Hitler, nor call him a Communist. You look stupid. And you make the rest of us look stupid.

(B) You alienate a lot of people with the holier than thou rhetoric, who don't agree with you and are quite possibly offended by your comparison to a hick with lousy foreign policy skills to a dictator that engineered an organized mass genocide of a civilian population. People who might have been otherwise persuaded to vote for candidate of your choice. Instead, it's guilt by association

If I'm writing speeches for the Democratic nominee, or prepping him for a debate, here's what I drill into his head.

"President Bush wants amnesty for illegal immigrants, claiming that they do the jobs Americans don't want to do, while on his watch, millions of jobs Americans do are shipped overseas."

Not:

"President Bush is like Hitler."

One last note.

I'm not doing this every week. From now on, it's pictures I find on google. Just warning you.

Elope with me Miss Private and we'll sail around the world

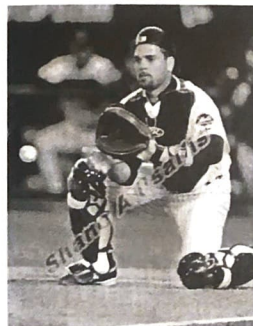
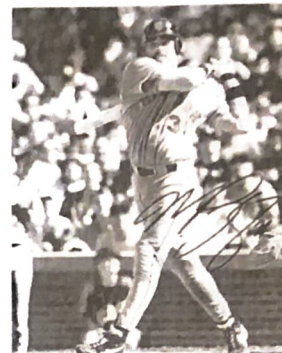
I will be your Ferdinand and you my wayward girl
How many nights of talking in hotel rooms can you take?
How many nights of limping round on pagan holidays?

Oh elope with me in private and we'll set something ablaze

A trail for the devil to erase

San Francisco's calling us, the Giants and Mets will play Piazza, New York catcher, are you straight or are you gay?

We hung about the stadium, we've got no place to stay
We hung about the tenderloin and tenderly you tell
About the saddest ending of a book you ever had to read
The statue's crying too and well he may

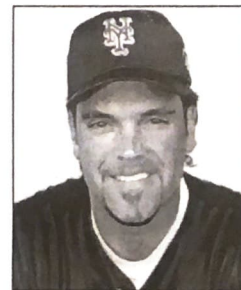


I love you I've a drowning grip on your adoring face
I love you my responsibility has found a place
Beside you and strong warnings in the guise of gentle words
Come wave upon me from the wider family net absurd
"You'll take care of her, I know it, you will do a better job"
Maybe, but not what she deserves

Elope with me Miss Private and we'll drink ourselves awake
We'll taste the coffee houses and award certificates
A privy seal to keep the feel of 1960 style
We'll comment on the decor and we'll help the passer by
And at dusk when work is over we'll continue the debate
In a borrowed bedroom virginal and spare

The catcher hits for .318 and catches every day
The pitcher puts religion first and rests on holidays
He goes into cathedrals and lies prostrate on the floor
He knows the drink affects his speed he's praying for
a doorway
Back into the life he wants and the confession of the bench
Life outside the diamond is a wrench

I wish that you were here with me to pass the dull weekend
I know it wouldn't come to love, my heroine pretend
A lady stepping from the songs we love until this day
You'd settle for an epitaph like "Walk Away, Renee"
The sun upon the roof in winter will draw you out like
a flower
Meet you at the statue in an hour
Meet you at the statue in an hour



Apologies to Belle and Sebastian, Mike Piazza, and Karl Moore



The Omen Presents More Famous Febs

The Fourth in a continuing series about famous people who unbeknownst to most people, started out as Feb students.



King Tutankhamen was the 12th king of the 18th Dynasty and nine years old at his succession. His name at birth, was Tutankhaten "Living Image of the Aten", placing him in the line of pharaohs following Akhenaten, who was most likely his father. During his reign, powerful advisers restored the traditional religion and art style after the death of Akhenaten, who had led the "Amarna revolution." He is known chiefly for his intact tomb discovered in 1922. **King Tutankhamen, "The Boy King", was a Feb!**



Chris Smith started first grade at the same time Public Enemy hit the stage. No one can forget how he, as one half of the duo Kris Kross, blew up in '91 as one of the two precocious shorties with backwards jeans and an infectious debut album, *Totally Krossed Out*. Their album sold more than 4 million copies and brought even more of the mainstream to rap. The irrepressible duo was nominated for an MTV award and two Grammy Awards, and won two American Music Awards. **Chris "Daddy Mack" Smith was a Feb!**



Liono was born into a race known as the Thundercats. From beyond any known galaxy, bringing with them the laws and ideals of their green planet, Thundera, they came, all sworn to to serve their young lord, Liono, and to instruct him in the secrets of the Eye of Thundera. The Eye is embedded in the hilt of the mystic Sword of Omens, and the source of the Thundercats' power. Liono leads the Thundercats in defending against the hideous Mutants from the planet Plun-Darr, led by the Reptilian, Slithe. They form an unholy alliance with the ageless devil priest of First Earth, Mumm-Ra. **Liono, Lord of the Thundercats, was a Feb!**

Jackie Mitchell always dreamed of being a great baseball pitcher, and at age 17 she signed a contract to play with the Chattanooga Lookouts. Her chance to prove herself came on April 2, 1931, during an Exhibition game against the New York Yankees when she pitched against Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, striking both out before walking Tony Lazzeri. She was then pulled from the game, which the Yankees finally won. Unfortunately, the commissioner of baseball canceled the teen's contract shortly after, claiming that the game was "too tough for women." **Jackie Mitchell was a Feb!**



John de Lancie, whose portrayal of the mercurial character "Q" in *Star Trek: The Next Generation* has made him internationally (if not intergalactically) famous. Mr. de Lancie has appeared in over one hundred television shows, but he is perhaps best known as the person who introduced the autonomous collective known as "The Borg" to Captain Picard and the crew of the enterprise. His favorite past-time is sailing and dreaming about far-off islands. **John de Lancie was a Feb!**